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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1909.

Southern Tariff Views.

The new view of the protective tariff which is gaining ground throughout the South was represented at the Indianapolis convention by two speakers, Congressman Ransdell, of Louisiana, and D. A. Tompkins, of North Carolina. Both of them contended for a tariff bill constructed on economic rather than on political lines, and both conceded the desirability of making use of a tariff on imports for the promotion of our industrial interests, where that could be done without violence to the general welfare. Mr. Ransdell frankly confessed that he came from a community which had been benefited by the protective policy, and that naturally he leaned to that side. He declared that the whole South was rapidly changing its opinion on this subject. Yet he admitted that great abuses had crept into the tariff law which required radical treatment. He regretted that the tariff question, so vitally concerning the welfare of every portion of the country, should ever have become a partisan one.

Mr. Tompkins started with the postulate that the main source of our national revenues would continue to be the tariff on imports, and that the question was as to how it should be laid. It might be levied so as to benefit the whole people by encouraging industry, and he considered that a better plan than to levy a horizontal duty on all articles of importation. He would not levy a tariff that permitted the collection of unfair prices from the consumer, and thought that a tariff commission would be useful in determining whether the tariff were too highly protective or insufficiently so, and also whether it were fixed at the best revenue-producing point. Criticising our tariff-makers, he said:

"The present method of making the tariff is a sort of scramble about once in ten years. The industry which gets unsatisfactory results has no remedy, but has to wait ten years and take chances again. If under the present system a tariff is laid which develops graft, this condition must continue also until the next general tariff revision. Under the commission plan the tariff might be in process of revision or readjustment all the time. Revision might mean upward or downward. It would mean whatever changes were necessary to produce the best interests at home for the American people."

The utterances of these two men, the tone of the Southern press, and the sentiment finding expression among the progressive industrial leaders of the South make it certain that, while favorable to tariff revision, the dominant influence of that section will not be thrown against reasonably protective provisions in the new tariff bill. This being the case, the suggestion lately made that there would be no real Democratic opposition to the new tariff bill—that is to say, no opposition to the protective principle upon which it is based—appears far from fanciful. More than likely, the chief Democratic criticism will be that it is not protective enough to suit particular constituencies.

We suppose that Augusta gentleman recently fined $30,000,000 for not keeping his sidewalk clean has taken up golf as a nerve tonic ere this, however.

Unrest in the Coal Fields.

Mr. Taft may well pray to be delivered from such a labor question as confronted President Roosevelt, near the beginning of his administration, in the anthracite coal strike. Yet events are shaping themselves for a renewal of that memorable controversy on somewhat different lines. The agreement that was reached between the miners and their employes, through the mediation of the board appointed by President Roosevelt, has been in force for six years, and terminates on April 1. Under it the miners have enjoyed advanced wages, adjusted to the price of coal by a sliding scale, and their grievances have been settled by a board of conciliation, which has now a clear docket. For the last six years there has been peace in the mining regions, where before there was constant agitation and discontent. It has been a good arrangement for the public, and evidently for the miners, but not for the miners' union, the membership of which has steadily declined until it is now but 18 per cent of the total number of anthracite workers. In other words, the miners, being protected by an agreement with their employers having almost the force of law, have not felt the necessity of organization. This agreement the mine operators are willing to renew on the old terms, but the miners' union has a number of new propositions which will be urged upon employers, and which the latter now say they are unwilling to accept.

Foremost among these propositions is a demand for the complete recognition of the union as the sole representative of the workers in their relations with their employers. Accompanying this is a demand that the dues of the members of the union shall be collected by employers from the wages of the men, and paid into the union treasury. In addition it is asked that the grievances of workers be settled by conferences between union committees and operators, thus abolishing the conciliation board. The net result of all these demands, if they were granted, would be to unionize the entire force of anthracite workers, to vastly increase the prestige of the union, and to make it practically the controlling force in the mining regions. Instead of 31,000 members, the present number, it would eventually have 170,000 members, whose dues to the union would be compulsorily paid and forcibly collected. Of course, there are demands for increase of pay, for an eight-hour day, and for other concessions of a technical nature, but the main point is the recognition of the union. Thus the contest which impends is really one for the aggrandizement of the union and for the establishment of its supremacy as a bargaining authority in behalf of the miners. The recognition now insisted upon was refused six years ago by the anthracite strike commission, that body dealing with the workers as a whole, irrespective of their affiliation with labor organizations. Since then the mines have been run on the "open shop" principle.

The singular feature of the situation in the mining regions is that government intervention should have had the effect of greatly reducing the numbers and influence of the labor organization that was instrumental in bringing about the original controversy, but was not recognized as the sole party concerned, on the workers' side, in the final settlement, and that the union officers should now be satisfied with nothing less than the total abolition of the agreement effected through government agency, and the substitution therefor of an agreement reached only by the parties directly in interest, represented on the one hand by the mine operators and on the other hand by the union. It is a most suggestive commentary on government mediation in labor disputes.

The tariff commission idea, it seems, is a beautiful but inconsequential abstract conception.

The Liberty Bell.

We hope that it is not true that the dear old Liberty Bell is to be hauled across the continent to the forthcoming exposition at Seattle. Not that we do not wish that enterprise every possible measure of success, both artistically and financially, but because we think this precious relic of the nation's babyhood should be guarded jealously and with ever-increasing vigilance and care.

The Bell is feeling its age, if we may be permitted so to express it. It is cracked in more than one place, and inclines to physical deterioration. Only a short time ago, a new and gaping wound was discovered on its body, and another moving of it may do it serious and lasting harm. It has served its day at shows and expositions. Let it alone now—let it repose in the peace, quiet, and dignified retirement it has so richly earned!

In the Old World, throughout all the nations thereof, there are many of these ancient reminders of the dead past—the yesteryears, growing ever dimmer and dimmer through long stretches of the ages. Linking England with the days of Alfred and the later days of William the Norman, and Rome with the grandeur of the Caesars, are hundreds of things precious in the sight of the people, and potent in keeping alive the love of the fatherlands. With us—we are, after all, with all our pretentions, quite juvenile, you know—it is different. The Liberty Bell is one of the very few things we have closely and inseparably associated with our initial birthday—and with it we should take no chances whatsoever!

Let the Liberty Bell remain right there in Philadelphia, where it belongs, forevermore. Let those who would cast their eyes upon it go to it; let it not be sent to them. We protest that its junketing days are no more. We object to it being treated otherwise than its venerable estate suggests as meet and proper under the circumstances of its present existence. It should be sacred to our sight. And we should deny the right of any man or men to disturb the sweet serenity of its declining years.

If there is anything unconstitutional about Mr. James Wilson's title to his Cabinet portfolio, we desire to advance the suggestion that the statute of limitations probably long ago estopped any questioning of it.

He Did Not Mean It.

Mr. Thomas E. Watson, in his Weekly Jeffersonian, protests to The Washington Herald, with earnestness and courtesy alike convincing, that he was in no wise seeking to "belittle," or "sneeringly allude to." Abraham Lincoln in a magazine article noted; stating that it was his object merely to dissent from the, to him, apparently growing idea that "Mr. Lincoln was the greatest man in the world." We confess that we read a somewhat broader meaning into Mr. Watson's article—or, perhaps, we should say narrower—and amid the universal kindliness of Lincoln expression incident to the celebration of his birthday, Mr. Watson's summing up of the martyred President carried, to our mind, a distinctly jarring note. But if Mr. Watson says he did not mean it that way, he did not—and that is all there is to that! We have frequently expressed our honest admiration for Mr. Watson's splendid "Story of France," and if he should ever be moved to write a "Story of Lincoln," we are satisfied it would have a wide reading—and it would, therefore, be little short of a calamity for Mr. Watson to get a wrong point of view. We do not say he will; we do not say he is even likely to, but we do say we hope he will not.

Abdul Hamid probably does not observe any very great difference in things under the new dispensation, so far as he is concerned. The number of plotters anxious to kill does not seem to have fallen off any.

Senator Hale says our navy is "the best in the world." Let us have a measure of faith, moreover, that the Doubting Thomases on the outside of the country, at least, are few and far between.

"Appropriating money for the Panama Canal is much like trying to fill a basket with water," says the Johnstown Democrat. Well, you can fill a basket with water if you carefully plug up all the holes and fill in the leaky places beforehand.

A correspondent grows real wrathy with us for poking a little near-fun at the Palmetto State legislature. This is sometimes a sad world; and, besides, the Pennsylvania legislature is probably the only chopping-block of that persuasion one may unhesitatingly attack with merry quip and jest and be subsequently utterly unafraid somebody will hand it back to him both red-hotly and uncomfortably.

The junior Senator from South Carolina, Mr. Gary, delivered a chaste and highly interesting address in the Senate on Thursday last. Mr. Gary goes out on March 4, but his friends may well be proud of his swan song.

The governor-elect of Georgia has served notice that while he may think, personally, certain features of the prohibition law might wisely be changed, he will veto the least syllable of attempted change by the legislature, and because he promised he would when seeking election. "Little Joe" appears to be something of a Spartan, if he is not rated a beauty physically.

Moreover, if anybody else doubts that we love South Carolina with a love that passeth all understanding, we call the Charleston News and Courier to give evidence in respect of our noble, exhaustive, and superb defense of Palmetto bards against the base pretensions of Tarheel pirates and literary pygmies.

"Once a court told the police not to photograph a prisoner before arraignment, but they did; and now a bill has been introduced in the legislature to tell them not to do it—and what's the answer?" inquires the Brooklyn Standard-Union. Because.

Mr. Hobson may cry "War, war," but there is no war.

As eggs will probably be handled in drug stores exclusively in the near future, we presume it will be necessary to get the doctors to write Latin prescriptions for the few we find absolutely necessary in our business.

A South Dakota man advocates a constitutional amendment providing for three Presidents of the United States to hold office at one and the same time. This patriot appreciates the fact that the Rooseveltian pace is going to be hard to follow.

The Rev. Dr. Folk, of Tennessee, is reported to have said in a sermon recently, "Senator Carmack's death was a blessing." This should make the Cooper outfit feel a bit more cheerful, we think.

A prominent big league baseballist is "doubtful" that he "can afford to play this season for $1,500 a month." We doubt if the country can afford it, either; especially in view of the prospective shortage in plow hands.

"Is George Bell a lunatic?" inquires the Atlanta Georgian. We are not sure, not having heard the evidence. Does George favor Bryan for the Democratic leadership in 1912?

King Edward again has Parliament on his hands.

NO EASY WAY TO REFORM.

Vigilant Citizenship Essential to Good City Government.

Clinton Rogers Woodruff, in the Living Church.

As I have on more than one occasion in annual civic reviews pointed out, there is no golden rule to municipal reform; there is no one panacea that will solve the difficulties and complexities of the situation; the problem is too big, is too perplexing, is too complex to yield to simple remedies. It requires the constant thought and best attention of public spirited men, day in and day out, with an eye single to the public good, to produce even a small measure of improvement. The great value of work that the bureau of municipal research and the Boston finance commission have done and are doing, is that they are bringing home to the people of their respective communities the truth concerning their local conditions in a way that they cannot escape it, bringing home to them their personal duty and responsibility in the premises. Once the American people are aroused on this subject, once they take hold, the ways and means, for working out the improvement will not be hard to find.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

A MODERN TREND.

Could Johnny Keats
Enthuse on meats,
Laud bonbons to the skies,
Or Bobby Burns
Do lyric turns
Concerning hooks and eyes?

Could gifted Pope
Descant on soap,
Or praise a biscuit's grade?
The bards to-day,
I'm free to say,
Are going into trade.

As They Do on the Stage.

"They say the world is a stage."

"I dunno. I've seen many a girl standing on a corner waiting for her beau, but I've never seen one of them put in the time by practicing her new song and dance."

What a Purse Is For.

"Put money in thy purse," counseled Polonius.

"All right, dad," responded Ophelia. "And not hairpins, chewing gum, cooking recipes, powder rags, and dress samples."

Outclassed.

"How was the thunderstorm scene in your play?"

"Rather flat. There was a better one going on outside."

Timorous.

The captain of an industree,
He never slumbers,
He fears that he perhaps may be
Reduced ten numbers.

Never Did It.

"The way to a man's heart is through his stomach."

"Mere libel. Did you ever get a valentine depicting a beefsteak smothered with onions?"

In Disguise.

For verse I swear I do not care; I am a plain, blunt man, and so all verse, however terse, I dodge when'er I can. But now and then like other men I am befooled by those who take a rhyme from time to time and dress it up like prose.

Always a Way.

"These pants are rather high water, yet I can't afford a new pair."

"Turn them up an additional two inches, and with lavender socks you'll be right in style."

DUTY OF A NEWSPAPER.

Not Only to Print News, but to Expose Wrongdoing.

From an opinion by Justice Guy, of New York.

The law jealously guards the good repute of all persons in their private character and in their business or profession, unless by their general private conduct or by the character of the business or profession in which they are engaged they have themselves forfeited such good repute. But the law is not engaged in the rehabilitation of reputations, or in throwing the mantle of respectability and good repute around those who deliberately engage in practices in violation of law and follow pursuits which are subversive of decency and good morals.

The defendant was engaged in the publication of a newspaper not merely for the dissemination of news, but with the additional purpose of upholding a high standard of public decency and morals in the community, and it was not merely its right, but its duty, in connection with a public and official proceeding of the kind in question, to publish truthfully so much of the facts as with decency it could publish, so that even if the machinery of the criminal law proved inadequate to reach malefactors of this class, who traffic for gain in human life and health and seek to promote immoral practices, they might be held up to public scorn and contempt.

While newspapers should be held to strict and severe accountability for unjustifiable and untruthful assaults upon private character, or upon business standing and credit, they deserve not punishment and rebuke, but public approval and commendation where, as in this instance, they truthfully, and in strict conformity to the facts, call public attention to those who are engaged in nefarious practices, injurious to the public welfare.

AT LINCOLN'S BIRTHPLACE.

A Visitor's Impressions of the Day at Hodgenville.

Davis W. Clark, in the Boston Transcript.

I was not interested in dignitaries or trappings of a gala day, or even, to be frank, in the speechmaking. I knew no Gettysburg speech was going to be delivered. I dismissed everything extraneous. I was alone for the while with the long-legged, barefooted boy—in his jeans and tow-linen shirt and coonskin cap. I explored with him the cabin in which he was born. I drank out of the gourd with him at the Rock Spring. I helped him set his figure four trap for a rabbit. I fished with him in the creek. I laid down with him at the end of the day on the hearth in the firelight, and caught a glimmering of one of his immortal visions—of Truth and Love and Service. Money could not buy what I felt.

His vision of life and his unalterable fidelity to it—that is what works the miracle which makes even the Aladdin lamp he loved so well grow dim in comparison. The rude cabin changes into a marble temple, ample in proportions, classic in its lines. The impoverished farm suddenly blooms into a park in which the skill of landscape architecture exhausts itself. This sparsely settled neighborhood for the day has a population of ten thousand souls who do reverence to the memory of the boy who left his footprints on these acres, and so made they holy. I woke from reverie long enough to hear his successor in the highest office saying: "One of the two greatest Americans, one of the three greatest men in the nineteenth century—one of the greatest men in the world's history," and the governor is saying, "Illinois says, 'He was mine; on my prairie he ripened into manhood.' Indiana says, 'He was mine; on my southern hills the little child grew strong and tall.' But Kentucky says, 'I am his mother. I nursed him at my breast.'"

At nightfall I was back in Louisville, happy, but in a sorry "mess." I carried a stick, as ugly and intrinsically as worthless as the "farm" on which I picked it up. I wouldn't exchange it for any gold-headed cane I ever saw. I had done my best to rid myself of the red clay of La Rue, in full sight of laughing observers—Lincoln's own example gave me the required nerve. I remembered that when Charles Sumner found him handling a shoe brush and exclaimed depreciatingly, "Why, Mr. President, do you black your own boots?" he naively retorted, "Whose boots do you think I'd black?" I know the "soft raiment" the Senator wore, for once as a boy, whirling thoughtlessly round the corner from Bromfield into Tremont, I ran into that debonair figure. I backed, touched hat, said, "Pardon." He graciously responded, "No matter." But it did. I left my mark on his patent leather.

BLYTHE DOING CUBA.

And He Is Prepared to Do It to a Nice Crisp Turn, Too.

From the Havana Post.

Mr. Samuel G. Blythe, of Washington, D. C.," was the way it read on the passenger list of the Olivette, which arrived in Havana with a strong list to port, as Mr. Blythe's cabin was on the port side. It was only when he stepped ashore and the hotel runners sized up the Saratoga trunk-sized man who answered to the name of Blythe, that the news began to sift through the district down about Machina wharf, that the great Sam Blythe, the great big Sam Blythe, had arrived in our village prepared to do it to a nice crisp turn in the Saturday Evening Post.

Sam Blythe is known in newspaper circles in the United States as a "World man." He was long connected with the New York World, and was reckoned as one of the biggest of the big guns, physically as well as otherwise, in the corps of Washington correspondents. His acquaintance with politicians throughout the United States is perhaps exceeded by no other newspaper man.

Of late years, however, he has quit the strenuous life and writes what he pleases and where he pleases for the Saturday Evening Post. He conducts as well the column, "Who's Who, and Why," in which he has handled the big men of the U. S. A. in somewhat "rough-house style," as the sporting editor puts it, but always clever and interesting fashion.

Matrimony.

From the Paris Figaro.

At forty a man may regret that he married. At sixty a bachelor regrets bitterly that he did not take a wife.

WASHINGTON CHAT.

By THE SPECTATOR.

A conspicuous person in the Blue Room on Thursday night was Mrs. Tommy Hitchcock, who came over for the occasion, and who, despite the fact that she is a matron of many years, retains her girlish looks, her girlish figure, and her girlish enthusiasm. Mrs. Hitchcock was Lulu Eustis, and is a sister of William C. Eustis and of George Eustis, who looks enough like his grandfather, W. W. Corcoran, Washington's most noted philanthropist, at his age, to be taken for him. While she was still a girl, and her brothers in their callow youth, these three people, who are now dignified and sober members of society, belonged to the sporting element in Washington, and scoured the country on their thoroughbred ponies doing feats of horsemanship that would bring shame to a professional circus rider. Mrs. Hitchcock loves riding, and her daughter is said to have inherited both her taste and talent in this direction. Miss Hitchcock is entirely unlike the affected society girl of the day, but has been brought up out of doors, and is more at home among her dogs and horses than she is in the drawing-room.

Another distinguished woman in the Blue Room was the Baroness de Bode, the sister of the military attache of the Russian Embassy. The Baroness de Bode is the great-granddaughter of that famous woman of whom it was said, "Femina sexu, ingenio, vir," and whose "Memories," published a few years back, made quite a stir in literary circles. Baroness de Bode, the elder, was born Mary Kynnersley, a daughter of a country squire in Staffordshire, England, and had she remained in her original environment might never have been anything more than a country gentlewoman, but her marriage to a German nobleman and her experience in affluence and poverty, in peace and war, developed in her an unusual intellect and one of the most indomitable spirits of her time. The story of her progress from Staffordshire to the Russian capital, where she and her family became subjects of Catherine the Great, who heaped upon them a fortune, political honors, and gave them an estate, is thrilling and full of interest, and nowhere does a person gather a better idea of the social conditions in Europe during the Napoleonic wars. Baron de Bode is a great-grandson of the famous baroness, a son of the late Baron Clement by his English wife, Charlotte Gardner, and was for years before his appointment to the embassy here on the staff of the Grand Duke Michael, military aid to the Emperor and grandfather of the crown princess of Germany.

Another little visitor behind the line who attracted much attention was Miss Takahira, the daughter of the Japanese Ambassador, who was as dainty as a bisque figure in her native costume, with her hair dressed after the fashion peculiar to girls of her age in the Flowery Kingdom. This little Japanese maiden is as graceful as her mother, with the same winning charm, and seemingly unconscious of the notice she created in her beautiful embroidered robes. During the past year Miss Takahira has been a pupil at Mrs. Somers' school, and has learned to speak English with a readiness that her countrymen are noted for. She presented so charming a picture the other night that it was a matter of general regret she would one day be obliged to lay aside the lovely costume which is so much more picturesque, so much more practical, and so much more sensible than the European clothes our women effect.

Among the recently distinguished visitors in town were Mrs. Ragsdale, wife of the American consul general at St. Petersburg, and Miss Ragsdale, who left here last week to visit friends in the West before returning to Russia. Mr. Ragsdale was stationed for a number of years in China, and became so attached to that country that his transfer and promotion to St. Petersburg was accepted with real regret. Both Mrs. Ragsdale and her daughter passed through the horrors of the siege of Tientsin, and witnessed all of the incredible cruelties that were practiced there by both the Boxers and the invading armies, but despite that terrible experience they are in love with the place and have a deep devotion for the people, whom they found to be courteous, responsive, and kind, and would be content to return there should opportunity offer.

At a luncheon given in her honor here, Mrs. Ragsdale spoke with some feeling regarding the wrong impression that prevails in America regarding the position of women in China. They are treated, she says, with more consideration than they are in America even, that in their homes they are absolute despots, and no honor is too great to be bestowed upon the mother of sons, whose memory is worshiped and reverenced. Mrs. Ragsdale was born a Miss Hines, of Massachusetts, but she has passed so much time abroad that she is almost a woman without a country.

Raising the Maine.

From the Philadelphia Press.

The proposal to raise the Maine is approved and strongly indorsed by practically the entire newspaper press of the country. It is hard to understand the indifference of Congress to this matter. The American fleet is coming home after a triumphant voyage around the world. The national pride in this fleet and its great achievement is naturally just now very strong. It is a good time to remember the fleet of 1898 and make an honorable and suitable provision for the first and only great sacrifice in our conflict with Spain, and give honorable burial to the American seamen whose bodies are imprisoned in the sunken battle ship in Havana Harbor.

War Expenses in Peace.

From the New York Evening Post.

In 1885 we spent only $9,242,496.82 on the navy—yet no nation insulted us, ravaged our shores, or carried off our women and children. Even in 1898 Congress voted only $32,574,082.43. If the net year, with its aftermath of war, took us over the hundred million mark, we none the less spent only $55,623,422.30 as late aas 1901. In the eight years of peace, therefore, during the Presidency of Theodore Roosevelt, we have increased our naval expenditures nearly two and one-half times.

The Roosevelt Policies.

From the New York Sun.

The Roosevelt policies are to be carried out and Mr. Taft is pledged to it. It is vital to Mr. Taft and to the whole country that they should be carried out. Every honest citizen has it at heart. But they must be carried out with sobriety and integrity in behalf of honest principle and sound government, and not to fortify and perpetuate a fictitious reputation and the power of a vicious and depraved political machine.

In Recognition of Service.

From the Hartford Times.

It is proper that a portrait of Grover Cleveland should be put on the new gold certificates as arranged by Secretary Cortelyou. Cleveland's service to the country in maintaining the gold standard cannot be emphasized too strongly.

Voting on a Cabinet Member.

From the Philadelphia Inquirer.

Senator Knox is the only man who was ever practically elected to a Cabinet office by both Houses of Congress, but a century ago Secretary Gallatin was practically elected by the Senate to remain in the Cabinet.

AT THE HOTELS.

"Although I do not agree with President Roosevelt in everything he did or in all of his doctrines, I am free to admit that he is a great American, an honest public servant, who has at all times tried to do his duty as he saw it," said Brand Whitlock, mayor of Toledo, Ohio, at the New Willard last night.

The youthful executive, who is also a successful author and lawyer, has been in Boston and New York, at both of which places he delivered Lincoln Day addresses. He said he wanted to "rest up a little bit," and thought he'd take a run down to Washington to do so.

"Every great man has his enemies, and Roosevelt has his. I do believe, however, that Roosevelt, even though sharply criticised, will be more appreciated as the years pass on. He is a strong character.

"The greatest thing Roosevelt ever accomplished as President of the United States?

"He has awakened the public moral conscience. He has exposed the bad spots in the public system, and called the attention of public officials and semi-public corporations to their duties to the general public. There are many other measures which President Roosevelt initiated and which deserve high commendation, as they are all intended for the benefit of the people.

"The trouble with our people to-day is that they have most peculiar ideas with regard to politics, religion, business, and society. All four of these are kept separate, as it seems, in water-tight compartments. They won't allow the one to mix with the other.

"It is looked upon as almost impossible that a business man can be a good Christian. When a man says 'business is business' he thereby means to claim extra prerogatives; in other words, he does not think that society, or religion, or anything else should interfere. Business and religion should go hand in hand, as well as society and politics. All four ought to mix, and the sooner they do the better for the country at large."

Mayor Whitlock said he entertained the greatest admiration for Tom Johnson, mayor of Cleveland, and that he would not be surprised to see him nominated for President.

If you have not had your proper share of good luck the past year or two, you would like to know the reason; and some light may be shed upon the situation by a recent disclosure in Bedford, N. Y. This is what James F. Horner, of Buffalo, N. Y., said at the National last night.

"In Bedford not many days ago a country merchant died, Jere Lyon by name," said the Buffalonian, "and left some one hundred thousand very good dollars. His heirs found that he kept his bank notes in a meal bag, which was his only safe deposit box. He did not have any great chances, but he had 'luck to burn,' and made money 'hand over fist.' They wondered at his fortune. But at last they discovered his secret. They found an old wallet stuffed full of the greatest luck-producers on earth.

"For the last few years, when most people have had enough bad luck stored up to last for a generation, they wondered who had got all the horseshoes and the four-leaf clovers. Well, part of the mystery is solved—Jere had the clovers. He had believed in 'em as lucky things since childhood; he stuck to the clovers, and the clovers stuck to him. In that immense wallet he left to his heirs were found all the four-leaf clovers you and I and hundreds of our friends have not had since the panic. There they were—the four-leaf clover market cornered—672 of them held by one man.

"No wonder it was so hard to win back prosperity when all the lucky things were locked up in Bedford, N. Y. There have been trusts and corners, and some of them have been a menace to the country. But we might have stood it if we had only had our luck with us."

Canada is enthusiastically "Yankee," according to Harry G. Preston, of Ottawa, who is at the Shoreham.

"Farmers from the United States are crowding into the Canadian Northwest," said Mr. Preston, "and the imperialistic journals of London are becoming alarmed. They have reason for their trepidation. The influence of the United States is completely transforming Canadian life. The great cities of the St. Lawrence all publish papers written, edited, and printed after American models. From the editorials to sporting news, these papers are steeped in Yankee slang.

"The cablegrams printed in these Canadian papers come from New York and are supplied by a syndicate over which a famous Anglophobe presides. Almost the whole book trade and periodical trade along the St. Lawrence is fed by American books and periodicals. The hotels of the Dominion are clumsy copies of American hotels.

"New York fashions in the way of clothing are servilely imitated by the Canadians," added Mr. Preston, "American games, such as baseball, have entirely supplanted, at least in Western Canada, such British games as cricket and football. In Western Canada the cigars are of American make, and chewing tobacco is also used to an immense extent.

"In vain are the efforts of the British imperialists to stop the tide of Americanism. It is like Mrs. Partington's attempt with her broom to sweep back the waves of the sea."

That Austria will annex Servia before many years will have passed is the firm opinion of Franz Ferdinand Steiner, of Vienna, who is at the Arlington. Mr. Steiner is a manufacturer of woolen goods, and is here on business.

"Austria, as a first-class power, cannot permit nations like Servia, Montenegro, and the like to criticise her course in the matter of the Balkan question. Servia and Montenegro will join arms sooner or later, if they have not done so already. If there is any uneasiness about the Balkan question, it is to be traced to these two countries. They are the real disturbers of the peace of Europe. All the world knew that Austria would finally annex Bosnia and Herzegovina, and all the world is the gainer thereby. Now, at least, there will be law and order in those two principalities, and foreign property will be secure.

"There is absolutely no truth in the rumor that Austria wanted to resign from the triple alliance. If there is a power in need of the triple alliance that power is Austria. We, in Austria, and particularly in Vienna, regard ourselves as practically belonging to the German empire. The time will come when the German provinces of Austria will be a part of the German empire. All Austria is enthusiastic over Kaiser Wilhelm and his progressive weltpolitik, and whenever he is ready to take over the German provinces of Austria they will be ready to join his empire with alacrity.

"Italy, so far as I know, is just as loyal to the triple alliance as Austria; the fact is that no one power can stand alone and isolated these days of strenuous statesmanship. It has often been claimed by the English press that Germany now stood isolated, and would have to pay heed to the dictates of England, France, and Russia.

"Nothing is farther from the truth. In the first place, Germany is not isolated. Austria and Italy are her very best friends and allies. If anything were to turn up to-day which would endanger Germany's safety, it would develop that Germany is not at all isolated, but has friends everywhere, and in places the least expected. The German Kaiser is a shrewd diplomatist, and never forgets his country."

A Hit for Every Head. **THE BIG STICK** Wielded for the Uplift.

VOL. II. NO. 40. WASHINGTON, FEBRUARY 20, 1909. TWO CENTS.

EVERY SATURDAY.

Our Motto: If you see it in The Big Stick, it isn't necessarily so.

"YOU AND WE."

Many men in many lands have sought to wrest from the brow of James Byron Elmore, of Indiana, the poetic laurels that are his by right of divine genius, but they have all failed miserably, and we feel certain that although one Alfred Austin, of London, England, is a late claimant for Elmore's poetic bays, he, too, will be judged and found wanting.

Mr. Austin bases his claim on an effusion entitled "You and We" in the selection of which title he may read his defeat, for he has missed the chance which Laureate Elmore would have taken of calling it "You and Us." Mr. Austin's poem follows the classic model, but in its strict adherence to meter it misses that note of sterling humanity which is so characteristic of Mr. Elmore, whom he seeks to dethrone. Take, for instance, that line—

But there, too, furnace flames and roars
Forging the thunderbolts of War.

A surer genius that Mr. Austin would have made it "furnaces," not "furnace," for we know, even if Mr. Austin does not, that besides the government furnace which is forging, &c., there are several furnaces owned by the steel trust which are also doing the work.

In his third verse Mr. Austin says:

Nor You nor We (not Us) would others wrong;
We only claim to hold our own—

Which once more betrays the marked limitations of the Britisher. As Mr. Elmore would have told us, had he chosen such a theme, we not only claim to hold our own, but we spend sleepless nights in formulating schemes for getting hold of somebody else's. And then, instead, of continuing speaking to us, as he has done all along, Mr. Austin switches off to apostrophize the air with:

Be then star-spangled Flag unfurled
With Union Jack resistless twain—

Just as if he, the English bard, had a perfect right to order the Stars and Stripes to be unfurled!

As to the last verse of Mr. Austin's poem, well, here it is:

In noble aim united thus,
Let all their noble lives pursue,
And if You will but stand by Us,
Be sure that We will stand by You.

Surely this is too cryptic for general acceptance. Why we should be urged to go around pursuing peaceful lives is a little hard to understand. The real gist of the verse might better be expressed in the fine Elmorian phrase: "You scratch my back and I'll scratch yours."

There is one thing about the lines of this verse—it can be made to read so much better in other ways. Take for instance:

"In noble aims united thus,"
Why not—
"United thus in noble aims."
Or—
"Thus in noble aims united."
Or even—
"In thus united noble aims."

The thing might be used as an exercise in parsing in our public schools.

No, we do not fear that Mr. Elmore, proud and unconquered, has here met anything like his match. Let Mr. Alfred Austin read that stirring poem, "The Wreck on the Monon," and then blush at the total inadequacy of his "You and We."

A REBUKE.

The Big Stick acknowledges receipt of the following leter from an irate subscriber:

"Mr. Editor: Stop my subscription. I decline to stand further for your abuse of Congress. Moreover, your poem of last week assigning Mr. Rainey to the Ananias Club was not funny at all. Yours, &c.,

"JOHN DOE."

We desire to say to Mr. Doe, whose real name we are too polite to print, that we shall not stop his paper. Reference to The Big Stick's books discloses the highly significant fact that Mr. Doe has never paid one cent on subscription—and as the law does not compel us to stop the paper until all arrears are paid up, we shall continue to flaunt The Stick in his unwilling face until he comes across.

Mr. Doe says he does not like our abuse of Congress. What is Congress for, we arise to inquire, if not to abuse? Everybody does it—from the President down. If Congress has any friends in the world, you could not prove it by the newspapers, could you? Then why should the high and mighty Mr. Doe undertake to upset this ancient custom? We point with pride to our motto—"If you see it in The Big Stick it isn't necessarily so"—and defy the syndicated and amalgamated John Does of all creation to awerte us from it.

And who, we should also like to ask of Mr. Doe, said that poem about Mr. Rainey was funny? Of course, it was not funny; it was not intended to be. Does Mr. Doe not understand that real poetry is never funny? Does he think, again, that The Big Sitck would pay its official poet the handsome salary it promises him, and that for writing funny poems? Mr. Doe gives us a pain.

Until Mr. Doe learns to discriminate between uplifting journalism and plain, unadulterated "punk" we must decline to parley with him further.

MR. SWAT SAYS NO.

The Cabinet Rumor Involving Him Is Unauthorized.

By 'Phone to The Big Stick.

Schenectady, N. Y., Feb. 19.—The Hon. O'Digman Swat to-night set at rest, emphatically and forever, the persistent rumor that he is to be a member of President Taft's Cabinet.

"I seek no office," said he, "and will accept none. It is well understood, I think, here and everywhere, that the service I rendered in the campaign was prompted wholly by love of party and love of country, and by no thought of official reward. My friends in Washington—particularly William Loeb, jr., and L. White Bubley—can vouch for this, because they share my confidence and appreciate my position fully. No; high as the honor would be, I shall not be a member of Mr. Taft's official family."

He would neither affirm nor deny that a portfolio—the Labor—had been tendered him.

A SONNET.

I.

There's a sadness in the sobbing and the sighing
Of the wintry winds among the leafless trees;
There's a note of melancholy underlying
Every song that marks the days' activities!
The birds themselves their pain cannot dissemble,
There's no happiness that's free from latent woe.
We hesitate to smile—we pause a-tremble,
As the time draws nigh for our T. R. to go.

II.

There is gloom in Chevy Chase and out in Brightwood.
In Bloomingdale and Anacostia, too!
There's no joy at all in Petworth, and a right good
Supply of tears marks Congress Heights' boo-hoo!
Takoma Park is wrapped in anguish bitter.
Georgetown is bowed to earth in dark despair;
In Benning not a jaybird is a-twitter.
And Tennallytown will only tear its hair.

III.

Oh, the soulful, somber sadness of his leaving,
Oh, the gall and wormwood on the chalice's brim;
Oh, the awful hours of hopelessness and grieving,
To think that soon we'll see the last of him!
Oh, the burning words of protest and the ending,
Oh, the scorching words that sizzle and that parch,
Oh, the blooming, bloody, blasted woe attending
The fearful and the fateful fourth of March!

JAMES A. TAWNEY.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF FIFTEENTH STREET

There's one thing we're all got to be thankful for—the snow has all been cleared off the streets.

For the first time in many years, Niagara has run dry. Now, let's hear from some of the orators.

Col. Rice says that this new idea of labeling all married men is absurd. The wise girls can tell them by their worried look.

There was one thing the committee missed, and that was having the returned fleet sail up the Potomac so as to get here for the inauguration.

A good way not to feel self-conscious in evening clothes is to wear tight shoes. They'll worry you so much you'll forget all your other troubles.

A Kansas paper says that Senator Cummins, of Iowa, hasn't been in Washington long enough to get his feet warm. But he didn't come here with cold feet.

Persons holding reserved seat coupons on any of the inauguration stands should remember that no one will be allowed to take seats after the parade is over.

I don't know about the lock system or the deep-sea system, but I do wish our fellows in Congress could make up their minds to have something on the level.

A man gave the President a jug of whisky and said that it had been in his possession unopened for thirty years. And yet there are no accessions to the Ananias Club.

If you have noticed signs of great joy around the Army and Navy Club recently it is because "Jimmy" Archibald, the famous war correspondent, has come back to town.

Everybody's going to be slow to believe the rumor that Mr. George Bruce Cortelyou is to become president of a gas company. In the District, at any rate, we are charitable toward our neighbors.

W. B. H.

CAPITOL JOTTINGS.

La Follette is not yet a member of the Senate steering committee.

Phil Campbell favors a prohibitive tariff on all imported twentieth century dances.

J. Hampton Moore is a relentless foe of the deadly carbon monoxide and persistent advocate of its suppression.

For the 999th time The Big Stick stamps as a canard the rumor that Charles B. Landis aspires to be Public Printer.

Read Bingville Bugle to-morrow.